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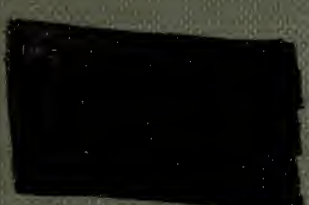

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MR. SAMPSON OF OMAHA.

AN ORIGINAL

COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS.

By FRED NYE and ELISA MAZZUCATO YOUNG,
(MRS. B. B. YOUNG.)

BOOK OF THE WORDS

Containing two Melodies, The Slow Waltz,
"LOVE RULES THE WORLD,"
AND
"This Morning I found a Bulgarian Pin."

MUSIC AND WORDS.

EDITION 1400, SEPTEMBER 11, 1888.

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AND ITS OREGON SHORT LINE
TO PORTLAND IN GOING TO ALASKA.

TO THE PUBLIC.

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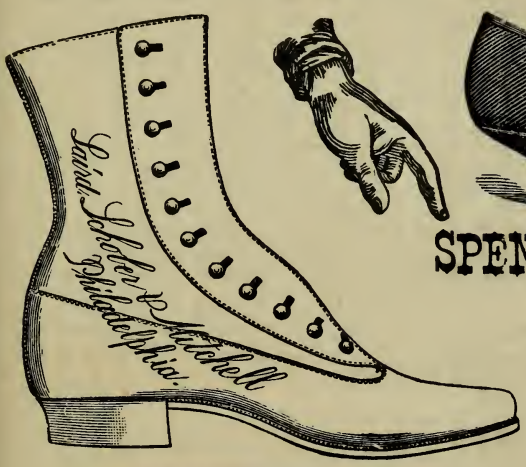
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

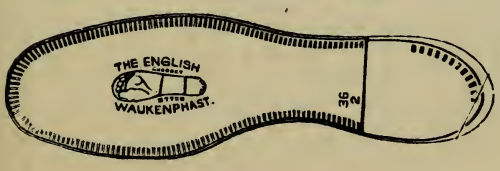
MR. SAMPSON.....*NAT M. BRIGHAM*
KING OF BULGARIA.....*B. B. YOUNG*
PRIME MINISTER.....*J. D. SPENCER*
PUBLIC EXECUTIONER.....*C. L. DEUEL*
COURT CRIER.....*WILLARD SQUIRES*
MARGARET, (daughter of Prime Minister).....*MISS BERTHA BAYLISS*
TERESA (a collector of bad debts).....*MISS BESSIE DEAN*
HELENA.....*MISS GRACE YOUNG*
MESSENGER BOY.....*MISS JENNIE MACKINTOSH*

Stage Manager, MR. J. T. WHITE. *Conductor, PROF. GEO. CARELESS*

CHORUS—SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.—Miss Crissie Lawson, Miss E. Bayliss, Miss Mary Romney, Miss Fanny Savage, Miss Fay Von Trott, Miss Lucile Young, Miss Zetta Farnsworth, Miss Lin Young, Niss Adeline Careless, Miss Afton Young, Miss Ellen Romney, Miss Henrietta Young, Miss Lizzie Latimer, Mrs. Nettie Anderson, Miss Euphelia Latimer, Miss Belle Lawson, Miss Lucy Savage, Miss A. L. Stromberg, Miss Imogene Williams, Miss Anna Von Trott, Miss Carrie Carter, Miss Asper.

TENORS AND BASSES—Mr. Coburn, Mr. Groves, Mr. Robert Edmunds, Mr. R. H. McCallister, Mr. H. S. Josephs, Mr. Graham, Mr. T. J. Mackintosh, Mr. J. Burrows, Mr. A. Kelson, Mr. J. A Maynes, Mr. J. Oberndorfer, Mr. S. B. Young, Jr. Mr. W. J. Kelly, Mr. T. C. Crawford, Mr. A. G. Whiteman, Mr. J. Kimball, Mr. Arthur, Mr. Timson,





SPENCER & KIMBALL,

160 MAIN ST.,

FINE SHOES

AND SLIPPERS.

Argument.

THE scene is laid in Bulgaria. The King by prodigality and excesses of various kinds, has been brought to the verge of ruin. He is surrounded and harassed constantly by creditors, among them Teresa, a bad debt collector, with whom he falls in love, and who tenderly loves him, but who refuses him because as his fiancee she would be inclined to treat his indebtedness with a leniency that would amount to injustice to her employers. His prime minister, who should be an assistance, is himself ambitious to wear the crown. The entrance of Margaret, the beautiful daughter of the prime minister, gives the King a solution of his difficulty. Margaret has been reading Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," and, naturally of a romantic disposition, cherishes the wish to have a tournament. This she imparts to the King, who at first discourages her. Finally, however, in an enthusiasm of hope, he conceives the scheme of offering her hand at a public tournament to the one who can show him the road to wealth. The prime minister objects to this, for he has already promised Margaret to a wealthy Bulgarian attorney, but threatened with the public executioner, he relents. The tournament is arranged, and after several indifferent propositions for the securement of wealth to the King have been advanced by the native knights, Sampson, of Omaha, appears. He is a speculator on the Omaha Board of Trade, and has been unfortunate in his ventures. Even while traveling in Bulgaria, he is followed by telegrams from his Omaha house announcing that the grain market, in which he has been investing for a raise, is constantly going down. Previous to the tournament he has, by chance, met Margaret while wandering in the palace, and when he sees her at the joust the feeling of tenderness which he had conceived for her becomes intensified. After learning the terms of the contest, and receiving an exceeding pressing notice from his brokers demanding margins on his purchases of grain, it occurs to him in a sudden inspiration that by inducing the King of Bulgaria to declare war he can raise the price of grain in the markets of the United States (Omaha, of course, included) and by making renewed investments while a general European complication is threatening, can realize a sufficient profit to satisfy the King, to place him (Sampson) in the ranks of the millionaires and to secure to him the hand of the beautiful girl who enraptured him. The King readily accedes to his wishes, war is declared, and the financial result is everything that Sampson had expected. When the semblance of battle has been retained a sufficient length of time Sampson directs the King to proclaim peace, at the same time telegraphing his Omaha brokers to sell grain short for a decline. The effect of this course is to give him as great a profit as a bear as he had secured as a bull. The fortunes of the King and Teresa necessarily hang on the fate of Sampson. Teresa, terrified by the danger which she imagines will surround the King, beseeches him not to go to war, and when he afterwards inclines to take the field in person, she attempts to destroy the bill which she holds against him, and which represents the barrier that exists between them and the consummation of their love. She is prevented from this rashness, however, by Sampson, who receives a timely telegram from Omaha, announcing the brilliant financial success of his Bulgarian war. The story ends with the liquidation of the debt of the King, the engagement of himself and Teresa, and the departure for Omaha of Sampson and the bride, Margaret, whom he has won at the cost of so much sagacity and enterprise.

ORCHESTRA.

Lead Violin,.....Mr. Weihe	Bass,.....Mr. Castleton
1st. Violin,.....Mr. Clive	Flute,.....Mr. Smith
2nd. Violin,.....Mr. Olsen	Clarionet,.....Prof. Kent
Viola,.....Mr. Wiegand	Cornet,.....Mr. Aldous
Cello,.....Mr. J. Olsen	Trombone,.....Mr. Case

Drums,.....Mr. Carlson

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. SAMPSON, of Omaha.
WILHELM, King of Bulgaria.
PRIME MINISTER.
PUBLIC EXECUTIONER.
COURT CRIER.
MARGARET, Daughter of Prime Minister.
TERESA, Bad Debt Collector.
HELENA. Maid to Margaret.
MESSENGER BOY, Bill Collectors, Etc., Etc.

ACT 1.

SCENE—*King's Palace.*

CHORUS. We sing in trills the song of the bills,
Short bills and long, large bills and small,
The bills of the king for everything,
We carry them all, we carry them all.

The bills are old for things long sold,
Short bills and long, large bills and small,
The bills of the king for everything,
He must pay them all, he must pay them all.

(*Enter King followed by Teresa.*)

TERESA, (*Solo.*)

From the butcher and the baker, and the masculine dress-maker,
From the club room and the wine room, and the musty beer vault cool,
From the cheerful livery stable we have come to raise a babel,
And of all your royal debts to make a large Bulgarian pool.

From the maker of your watches, from the maker of your matches,
From the gas-man and the ice-man, and the man whose coal you took,
From the dealer in pine lumber, from the poor but honest plumber,
We have brought your monthly statements in a bill collector's book.

You may think it somewhat funny that your creditors want money,
But the case is that exactly, and the time has come to pay.
'Tis the first of January and it would be quite contrary
To the plans of our employers for to wait another day.

KING. (*Recitative.*) Hold! subjects of Bulgaria. Do you not know that I am your ruler? Desist, or by my golden sceptre I will make examples of you all.

(*Enter Prime Minister.*)

PRIME MINISTER. Oh, it is the first of the month, I see! the usual crowd! Why do you not take some measures to avoid these disagreeable celebrations? Why do you not fly?

KING. Alas! I have no wings like a dove. I could not walk far enough to get away, and the U. P. Railway does not give passes on the Flyer. How can I fly?

PRIME MINISTER. Yes, it is impossible for you to fly, but it is more impossible for you to pay.

KING. How much is there in the royal treasury?

PRIME MINISTER. There is nothing that you could call money, your majesty. There is merely a ticket against you, written in red ink, for eighty-seven florins.

KING. Was ever mighty monarch so distressed? I know not which way to turn. I cannot think of pawning my crown or the other insignia of my office. I might not get them back.

PRIME MINISTER. I suppose that I might loan you a few florins, taking the insignia of office as security.

KING. Ah, no! You would then sit upon the throne and I would become a common day laborer. I could not bear to labor. I would be forced to join the anarchists. It may not, must not be.

SOLO.—KING.

When first I was a monarch grand
  Too good was nothing for me,
But since my cash has vanished quite;
  My subjects all abhor me.
I used to paint the city red,
  And with the cards to dally—
Although a mighty king, I had
  A friendship for the ballet.

Oh, when to walk upon the street
  I issued from my castle,
The horses neighed, the music played
  The kingly razzle dazzle—
My table groaned with richest food—
  I'd truffles in my larder,
And pastry sweet and biscuits made,
  With royal cream of tartar.

But gone are all my dearest friends,
  Who stuck the closest to me—
The last one vanished when he found
  That he no more could do me.
I haven't eaten pie for months,

But lived on cheese and cracker,
And once in a while a very small piece
Of Bulgarian plug tobacker.

I've heard that virtue is a thing
That kings may nicely practice,
And for some other king, perhaps,
I may say that a fact is.
I may be virtuous to-day,
But still I do not feel it—
If I could see a red hot stove,
I think that I should steal it.

TERESA. Do you really feel so desperate as that!

KING. I could commit murder or suicide if it would relieve me of these financial embarrassments. But neither murder nor suicide would pay my debts, and I am too honorable to commit crime uselessly.

TERESA. Is there no way in which I can assist you?

KING. You might assist me temporarily by leaving the palace with your companions.

TERESA. I cannot speak for them, but as for myself I cannot leave you. I have sworn to my employers to collect the small account which has now been due us for five long and weary summers.

KING. Well, my sweet girl, I could not ask a pleasanter companion. But your friends here—have they also sworn?

TERESA. I do not know, perhaps your prime minister could induce them to depart.

KING. (*To Prime Minister.*) Would you—for the sake of the country, would you make the attempt?

PRIME MINISTER. I will gladly do anything for the country that I can do consistently. I do not, however, understand that the action you request me to take would be consistent with my official duty.

TERESA. Oh, yes, sir; it appears to me, although I am a poor, artless girl, that it would be in the direct line of your official duty.

PRIME MINISTER. Please explain.

TERESA. It would be diplomatic, and diplomacy, as I understand it, is the chief duty of a prime minister.

PRIME MINISTER. I had not considered it in that light. However, you may be right. Although I always aim to preserve the dignity of my station, I am not too proud to receive a suggestion from my inferiors. I will make the attempt.

SOLO and CHORUS. (*Prime Minister.*)

Bulgarian bill collectors all,
Come listen now to duty's call;
Oh, leave your king and hither flee,
For you he fain would later see.
The king is poor and sad to-day,
Your smallest bill he cannot pay—
Remittances have been so slow
In coming to the king, you know.

CHORUS.

Remittances have been quite slow
In coming from the king, we know.

PRIME MINISTER.

It is a settled law of trade
That royal debts are never paid
Unless the debitor has time
To circumvent the fleeting dime.
If you his royal robe should take
'Twould sarce a partial payment make—
His crown is old and worn and brass—
As currency it would not pass.

His royal nibs his debt would float
By issuing his royal note:
But that would very useless be
Because the cruel banker he
That note to-day would not accept—
That note quite promptly would reject;
The king is poor, but proudly made—
He'd scorn to see his note unpaid.

CHORUS.

The king is poor, but proudly made—
He'd scorn to see his note unpaid.

PRIME MINISTER.

Next month, next week, to-day, if you
Will leave us as I tell you to,
The king no doubt will measures find
To raise a profitable wind.
He's very busy with affairs,
His kingly heart is full of cares,
He cannot royal time allow
Your bills to see or settle now.

CHORUS.

Alas, he cannot time allow
Our bills to see or settle now.

(*Exeunt Chorus.*)

(*Enter Margaret.*)

MARGARET, *SOLO.*

Oh, let me sing the days of old,
When men were brave and pure,
And women sweet and good and true,
And love did long endure!—
The days of Arthur and his friends—
The days of fair and bright Rowena
Whose beauty challenged all mankind
To join the lists and try to win her.

In those far days there lived a knight
  Who fought in tourney grand—
His loss to be his certain death,
  His prize his lady's hand.

This knight full sore was wounded then,
  He lost the valliant fight, alack,
And to the world of chivalry
  His war-like soul no more came back.

But still the lady prized his name,
  And still she loved his deeds,
And still for him, through all her days,
  She wore her widow's weeds.
Oh, should I find a loyal knight
  I would his truthful lady be,
For, though he fell, I still might know
  That he had died for love of me.

The glory of the happy past
  We faintly may discern
Oh, let us sing the days of old
  And wish for their return!

PRIME MINISTER. Those are strange sentiments in one so young. Why should you wish a man to die for you?

MARGARET. Ah, it would be so sadly sweet.

TERESA. Why not much better to have a man live for you?

MARGARET. Alas, it is so easy! anybody can live.

KING. What is the book, fair Margaret?

MARGARET. It is a tale of Sir Walter Scott, called "Ivanhoe" wherein brave knights battle at a tournament for the hand of a fair lady. Dear papa, why cannot we have a tournament?

PRIME MINISTER. My dear child, what you ask is impossible. We have no knights, no armour, no spears, no tents, no hard iron florins, no princess, no cap-a-pie. We cannot have a tournament because we have nothing to tourn withal.

KING. Eureka! Eureka! Eureka!

PRIME MINISTER. Excuse me, your majesty, but your eloquent use of the Greek word "Eureka" quite took me off my feet. What have you found, and where did you find it?

KING. I have found a way to settle with those creditors who, with one beautiful exception, (indicates Teresa) are sapping the life blood of this nation. Your daughter's wish shall be gratified; we will have a tournament.

MARGARET. Dear King!

TERESA. Thank Heaven!

PRIME MINISTER. May I inquire of you officially who will tourn and what they will tourn for?

KING. Certainly; my plan is this. While it is true that I have no daughter, it happens that my prime minister possesses a handsome

and fascinating one. This daughter yearns for a tournament. Very well, she shall have it. I propose to offer her hand for the first and only prize.

TERESA. Oh, dear, I hope there won't be too many warriors killed or too many beautiful armors stove up!

KING. Fear not, fair one, this will not be a contest of arms but one of heads. I shall bestow this white hand upon the man who shall show me the way to wealth.

TERESA. Dear King! What a royal head on those proud shoulders!

MARGARET. And won't anybody be armed cap-a-pie and won't there be any lances?

PRIME MINISTER. Excuse me, your majesty; I have never before faltered in my allegiance to your wishes, but, believe me, the feelings of a father are too sacred to be made a matter of merchandise. I have already promised my dear daughter to a Bulgarian attorney with an annual income of 40,000 florins.

MARGARET. Oh, papa, I detest him! He is seventy years old and as ugly as Satan.

KING. (*paces to telephone*) Is that Central office? Please connect me with the public executioner.

PRIME MINISTER. Really this has gone far enough. I do not value my life for myself, but the country cannot spare me now. Motives of public policy induce me to surrender. My daughter is yours. Raffle her off!

QUARTETTE.—KING, PRIME MINISTER, TERESA AND MARGARET.

When kings of high degree become insolvent,
  When maidens fair incline to chivalree,
'Tis then a royal tournament absolvent
  Becomes the thing to save his majestee.

When subjects dun him and his crown is falling,
  When hunger stares the monarch in the face,
'Tis then a glance ahead becomes appalling—
  He sees another ruler in his place.

Oh, what to him is love and what is hate then,
  So long as he a florin cannot show?
'Tis useless quite for him to supplicate then,
  For he no kingly favors can bestow.

Sing hey the knight that lingers in the distance,
  He comes to battle for the lady's hand—
To save the country's and the king's existance
  And satisfy the creditors' demand.

(*Exeunt All.*)

Enter Sampson.

SAMPSON.

This morning I found a Bulgarian pin

Which I stuck in my coatlet quite soon
And last night as I glanced o'er my shoulder I saw
At the right the Bulgarian moon.
My left shoulder itches, my left ankle pricks,
My age is divided by seven
A black cat just scampered in front of my path
And the size of my shoe is eleven.

I've been dreaming three nights of a corner in wheat
And a national bank which it busted—
Of asking my tailor for two suits of clothes
And strangest of all—getting trusted.
I've a horseshoe I found hanging over my door—
Of the chicken I ate I've the wish-bone;
I think I could safely fall into the sea—
With temerity swallow a fish-bone.

There are various methods of raising a pile
Which I fancy is here their intention,
And although I have never used one for myself
There are several that I may mention.
There's one very good which I think of just now,
And which happens to be quite specific.
Take a tour to the West and there money invest
On the line of the Union Pacific.

For the boom ever springs by the side of her rails.
And money is there for the taking—
The poor and oppressed from all countries and climes
Are there and their fortunes are making.
For Bulgaria's king I can think of no thing
With the promise of cash so prolific
As a tour to the West his funds to invest
On the line of the Union Pacific.

(*Enter Margaret.*)

Flirting duet.

SAMPSON.

If I might speak to her
I here would say
Such words as maidens please,
But, well-a-day,
No one has introduced us:
She has two lovely eyes,
Her face and form are nice,—
No one has introduced us!

MARGARET.

If I might speak to him
I here would say

Such words as gallants please,
But, well-a-day!
No one has introduced us!
He has two lovely eyes,
His clothes are strange but nice—
No one has introduced us!
(*Exeunt.*)

(*Sampson and Margaret repeat their respective verses in concert, concluding with an appeal to the audience—"Won't some one introduce us?"*)

(*Enter King and Teresa.*)

TERESA. Why is your royal brow so troubled king? Is your heart sad?

KING. Aye, lovely one, it is!

TERESA. I know what weighs you down. It is, alas, my presence! I fain would leave you, but I must earn my wages. I cannot leave you until this little bill is paid.

KING. Oh, Heavens, how she misunderstands me! Fair girl, if I could so secure your constant companionship, I would never pay the bill. I am a pretty old king and I have seen a good deal of life, but I never knew what happiness might be in Bulgaria until you came to cheer me with your presence.

TERESA. Oh, king, I prithee, what do you mean?

KING. Can you not see? Have you not noticed my regal constraint in your presence? Oh, I love you! Look up and tell me that you are not indifferent!

TERESA. Alas!

KING. Then you love me!

TERESA. I love you Wilhelm!

KING. And will you, then, share my throne and be Queen of Bulgaria and my heart?

TERESA. It may not, cannot, must not be!

KING. True, I had forgotton. My throne is only a two-for, and a very poor one at that. I could not purchase even a marriage license. I have only one florin and that is counterfeit. Forgive me for my presumption; my passion overcame me.

TERESA. It is not that, dear love. I could get the license, and I have two strong, brave hands that might support us both; but I cannot be your fiancee.

KING. I see no barrier, then, and yet you say "I cannot." Why can you not, sweet cruelty?

TERESA. It wouldn't be business, Wilhelm. I am not here to love. I am a poor, innocent, faithful collector of bad debts. I have a heart and it turns to you, but when I look upon this unreceipted bill it says, "Be firm! As a business woman, your first duty is to your employers." As your fiancee I would be inclined to give you an extention of time on the account—as a faithful employe I could not do so. My heart may break, but, I must earn my salary!

KING. Heaven forgive me, Teresa! You are right!

(Enter Prime Minister.)

PRIME MINISTER. Your majesty, your faithful subjects, bearing testimonials of your patronage, again crave admission and demand a settlement.

KING. So be it. I am resolved. Permit them to enter.

(Enter Chorus of Bill Collectors.)

KING. Loyal and long suffering subjects, I am absolutely unable to meet your demands to-day.

CHORUS. Ting-a-ling—Ting-a-ling—Ting-a-ling—ling.

KING. I understand by this "Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling—ling" that you wish to indicate the ringing of a chestnut bell, which has lately been imported into Bulgaria. But I am not offended. Thanks to your prime minister and his beautiful daughter, I have perfected a plan by which I hope to pay you all. On this day week a public tournament will be held in this city, and the hand of Margaret will be given to the victorious knight. That knight will be the man who shall show me the road to wealth. The contest will be open to all and to add zest to the occasion, all unsuccessful competitors will be turned over to the public executioner.

TERESA. Bravo, comrades! What say you?

CHORUS.

Hurrah, we say, bravo we say,
A tournament, a brave display,
With knight so bright in silk bedight,
And lady beauty blithe and gay.
We wait a week, we do not seek,
To drive our king to Canaday,
For he is sleek and we are meek,
And he his debts will surely pay. *(Curtain.)*

ACT II.

SCENE—*A tent arranged with spectators seats for the tournament, throne in centre. Public Executioner seated pensively sharpening his axe.*

SOLO—PUBLIC EXECUTIONER.

It seems to be a barbarous thing
On gallows high for man to swing—
The guillotine appears not good—
For I abhor the sight of blood;
I would not set a poison feast
Before a wild, rantank'rous beast—
The virtue gre t I cannot see
Of death by electricity.
I find in reading history
That men of high and low degree
And rich and poor of every clime
Will perish—if you give them time.
What use the rope, the axe, the knife
In paralyzing human life?
A patient man, and such am I
Can wait—his victim's sure to die.
Ha! Ha! I have no noise and fuss—
Ha! Ha! I have no blunderbuss—
Ha! Ha! I am the sure thing man
Of all the realm Bulgarian.
A cool and patient man am I—
I wait—my victim's sure to die!

(*Enter Chorus.*)

CHORUS.

We're a crowd of rare Bulgarians, of handsome, bright and merry uns
Just gathered for a sportive afternoon—
We have traveled quite a journey to arrive at this here tourney
Which we hope and pray will open very soon.

Oh, our king is scarcely petted for he's awfully indebted
And his habits bad have sacrificed his name—
But although he's fat and lazy he's a scheme that is a daisy,
And we fancy he will get there just the same.

In the regions dim, historic, when the blood was most plethoric
The custom was for knights to fight with spears,
But our wisdom is much larger, and we have taken a new departure
Which the waiting world will follow when it hears.

What to us are bone and muscle, what to us the brutal tussle
Whose issue waits on arms and legs and wind?

We preach, despite resistance, the doctrine of insistance
Upon the true supremacy of mind.

(*Enter Prime Minister and Margaret.*)

SOLO—MARGARET.

How strangely wild my little heart is fluttering!
Oh, what can be the meaning of the pain
That subtly, sweetly thrills through all my being
And full of wildest fancies fills my brain?

Last night I saw forever in my dreaming
A tall brave knight in strangest garments dressed—
He murmured love songs in a foreign language
And when I spoke he drew me to his breast.

'Twas he, the stranger wandering in the palace.
He comes again to find me in this plight—
Oh, will he struggle for the prize and win me?
How wild the hope!—how rapturous the delight!

(*Enter King and Court Crier.*)

COURT CRIER, (*Recitative.*) Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! The first royal tournament of Bulgaria is proclaimed!

PRIME MINISTER. By the virtue of the power in me vested and constituted I do hereby declare the terms of this joust to be:

First—The victorious knight shall be the one who points the king the road to wealth.

Second—The victor will receive the hand of yon fair maiden, Margaret, the daughter of your worthy Prime Minister.

Third—Those whose schemes seem pleasant to his majesty will be reserved for private audience at the palace.

Fourth—Those whose plans are deemed impracticable will be turned over to the public executioner.

(*First candidate advances and hands letter to Prime Minister.*)

PRIME MINISTER. (*Reading from letter.*) "Economy is the road to wealth."

KING. To the executioner with him!

(*Second candidate advances.*)

PRIME MINISTER. (*Reading.*) "Discharge your hired girl."

KING. This tournament opens very discouragingly. Take him to the public executioner.

(*Third candidate advances.*)

PRIME MINISTER. (*Reads.*) "Lay out seventy-five additions to the city and sell off the lots on long time to poor people at high prices."

KING. Ha! Ha! That is worth thinking about. Save him for future reference.

(*Fourth candidate advances.*)

PRIME MINISTER. (*Reads.*) "Never go in on less than aces and make not more than three bluffs in a night."

KING. (*Addressing candidate.*) Young man, I congratulate you. Your advice is a trifle late—but good. Place him in the reserve corps.

(*Enter Sampson.*)

SAMPSON. Ah, good afternoon!

KING. How do you do, sir?

SAMPSON. Oh pretty fair, thank you, Is that your throne?

KING. Yes, sir; you must excuse me for not offering it to you. I would gladly do so, but the etiquette of office would prevent—

SAMPSON. Oh, don't mention it. I'm not tired. Keep your seat! By the way, what sort of a picnic is this, any way?

KING. This, sir, is a tournament.

SAMPSON. Oh, a tournament, Something like a turn-verein. Where are the turners?

KING. Not a turn-verein—a tournament—an institution of chivalry. You must have read of tournaments in Walter Scott's novels?

SAMPSON. Never knew Walter Scott. Knew Tom, though, Tom Scott. Used to sell short with Tom.

KING. Then you have never attended a tournament before?

SAMPSON. Not that I know of. I am, however, very fond of base ball.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONER. (*Recitative.*) What may this base ball be? Perhaps it is a new and better way of killing.

SAMPSON AND CHORUS.

When my speculative duty's not particularly pressing,
When my time is not required to put or call,
I love to take the pleasure of an afternoon's digressing.
And watch an interesting game of ball,

FIRST CHORUS.

One strike, two strikes, three strikes, look out!
One ball, two balls, three balls—foul!
Lead off first there—slow—you're put out!
Three out—side out—small boys howl!

When the umpire isn't bathing of his melancholy bruises,
When he ceases the anointing of his wounds,
Then the rulings as they're printed he exhaustively peruses
And of his rank decisions seeks the grounds.

SECOND CHORUS.

Ah, there, catcher, get that foul there!

Short stop, take that—show your nerve!
First base hold it, touch him, quick there!
Pitcher, now that inside curve!

When the lover takes his mistress to the close-contested ball game
And she questions him regarding of the play,
He wishes that the umpire then would rigorously call game
And resolves next time he comes she'll stay away.

When the merry foul quite leisurely
Comes flying o'er the netting
And has hit the fat spectator in the head,
Something more than he has paid for
He is evidently getting
Something very irreligious he has said.

(*Enter Messenger Boy.*)

SAMPSON opens message and reads: "Market opened on Omaha board of trade excited and feverish. Wheat went down four points. Bulls exceedingly timid and disorganized. Tebbets shipped in eleven bushels of Utah wheat by Union Pacific fast freight, knocking bottom out of market. Brokers calling for margins. No funds. What shall we do? Nothing but European war can raise market and save us.

SAMPSON & Co."

SAMPSON. (*Aside.*) Strange that I should have felt so lucky this morning when everything has been going to eternal smash at home! Well, I suppose there is no help for it. But I won't answer this telegram just yet. Maybe something will turn up. Perhaps there may be a European war before to-morrow. There would be if I could make it.

(*Turns to King.*)

SAMPSON. What is the nature of this tournament?

KING. I am offering the hand of yonder beautiful girl to the man who shall show me the road to wealth.

SAMPSON. Indeed! May I examine the prize?

KING. Certainly.

(*Sampson passes to Margaret.*)

SAMPSON. Good afternoon, beautiful Bulgarian.

MARGARET. Good day, sir.

SAMPSON. Oh, forgive me, but you so remind me of a dear friend I had long ago in Omaha, my native city!—the perfect image!

MARGARET. Indeed! I am glad to remind you of a friend.

SAMPSON. And so you are the grand prize of the tournament!

MARGARET. So it appears, sir.

SAMPSON. And this—this beautiful hair—is it all your own?

MARGARET. Oh, yes, sir.

SAMPSON. What teeth! You have lovely teeth Miss—Miss—

MARGARET. You may call me Margaret, sir.

SAMPSON. Thank you. Yes, Miss Margaret, you have lovely teeth. They are—of course—they—of course they are—your own?

MARGARET. Why, sir, surely they are my own. Whose teeth should they be if not my own? Does not every girl wear her own teeth in Omaha?

SAMPSON. Well, yes at times! But, Margaret, do you remember me?

MARGARET. Ah, yes, sir, I remember meeting you yesterday in the palace.

SAMPSON. Yes? But, Margaret, I have seen you since then.

MARGARET. What! That cannot be.

SAMPSON. In my dreams, sweet Margaret.

DUET. Sampson and Margaret.

SAMPSON.

When on my white and lowly bed
I threw myself on yester night,
A wond'rous vision of delight
It's radiant glory o'er me shed.

MARGARET.

And in my modest maiden dreams
I saw a strong and manly form
From falling even unto morn—
How sadly, strangely sweet it seems!

SAMPSON.

My vision, maiden, was of you—
Your lovely eyes and raven hair,
Your tender face beyond compare—
I swear I tell you—tell you true!

MARGARET.

And mine!—my vision was of you—
Alack, I hesitate to tell
What you already know full well—
My vision was of you—of you!

SAMPSON AND MARGARET.

Oh, dear the witching land of dreams,
Where parted lovers ever meet
With kisses that are ever sweet—
Where pleasant sunshine ever gleams!

(*Enter Messenger Boy.*)

SAMPSON reads message: "Omaha market approaches panic. Captain Rustin just offered three bushels July corn at steen cents. No takers. Pit wild. Secretary Nattinger has fled for his life. No hope unless war in Europe. What shall we do? SAMPSON & CO."

SAMPSON. (*Turns to Margaret.*) Will you excuse me a moment, dear Margaret?

MARGARET. Certainly.

INSTEAD OF GOING TO EUROPE THIS
TRIP TO YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK OVER
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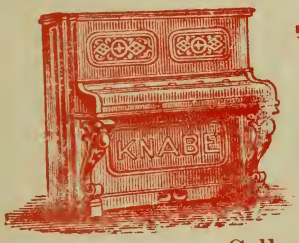
THE SALT LAKE MUSIC DEALERS,

Just unpacked a fine stock of



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BOX D.

CHEYENNE, THE CAPITAL OF WYOMING AND THE CENTRE OF THE CATTLE INDUSTRY OF THE UNITED STATES, IS REACHED ONLY BY THE UNION PACIFIC.

Important to Ladies.

Below are a few reasons why you should buy your gloves of THE WALKER BROS. CO.

———)****(———

First—We have introduced a custom here that has never been inaugerated, *viz:*—FITTING.

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Second—We keep only the best grades, and guarantee the prices to be less than any house IN THE CITY.

———)****(———

Third—We are sole agents for the celebrated ALEXANDRE AND CENTEMERI GLOVES.

———)****(———

The Walker Bros., Co.

SAMPSON *writes:* (Will have war over here before to-morrow night or die. SAMPSON.)
There, that's done. I haven't the slightest idea how war is to come, but what if—what if Bulgaria should declare—here's a king—wants wealth—Omaha market wants war—by heaven I have it! I have it!
MARGARET. What's that you're saying, dear—dear—friend?
SAMPSON. Nothing, dear girl, nothing. I was thinking a trifle loud—that's all. But don't call me friend. There was a man over in Omaha froze to death because his best girl called him friend.
MARGARET. Poor Man! How sad for him to die!
SAMPSON. Sweet Margaret, do you not look upon me as something dearer than a friend!
MARGARET. Oh, sir, I—I pray—our acquaintance has been so short—I do not know—and besides there is a joust—I fear I shall have to marry the knight who wins me. Alas, there is no escape!
SAMPSON. But if I should win you, dearest?
MARGARET. Then I suppose I should have to be yours.
SAMPSON. And would you sorrow greatly then, dear one?
MARGARET. No,—no—indeed I should—I should be—I think I should be glad?

(*Sampson embraces her.*)

MARGARET. Desist, I pray, desist! Do you not see these people? You will spoil the joust!
SAMPSON. Your majesty, I'll take her!
TERESA. He'll take her!
MARGARET. He'll take me!
KING. Thank you kind sir—but what—what do I get?
PUBLIC EXECUTIONER. What, yes, what do we get?
SAMPSON. How much, oh king, how much do you desire?
PRIME MINISTER. This is no auction, sir, but a tournament. My daughter's hand is not for sale.
SAMPSON. Permit me to assure you, sir, that it is my intent to secure a fair proportion of the boodle to yourself, her father.
PRIME MINISTER. (*Recitative.*) If that be so I am inclined to mention that I am resigned.
PUBLIC EXECUTIONER. (*Recitative.*) If we are in, we are inclined to mention we are resigned.

KING. My debts I do desire to pay
And then I merely wish to say
That further by I'd like to lay
Sufficient for a rainy day.

SAMPSON. Dismiss the joust without delay
I think I'll bear the prize away.

KING. (*to Prime Minister.*)
This loyal knight, I'm confident
Is of a plain, sincere intent—

He thinks he'll bear the prize away—
Dismiss the joust without delay.

PRIME MINISTER. *SOLO*—(*Addressing chorus.*)

This gentleman from Omaha
From Omaha or Omahay
Proposes as you all have heard
To bear the tourney's prize away.
The king is pleased to think him quite
The knight he was a looking for,
Although for me I here may say
All foreigners I do abhor.
Kind friends, I'm loyal to our king,
But if at any time the crown
From that great head you choose to take,
I know an able man in town
Who loves his country as himself,
And who, if he were acting king,
Would ne'er a tourney's prize confer
Upon a loathesome foreign thing!
'Tis not for me to mention names,
'Tis not for me this reign to queer,
But were I called to show the man,
I'd plainly answer "I am here."
Farewell, oh jousters, you may go
Unto your happy homes away—
The prize has gone to Omaha
Or Omaha or Omahay.

SAMPSON. (*to Margaret.*)—RECITATIVE.

Oh, what is all the rest to me
If you love me and I love thee.

CHORUS. Love rules the world on land and sea
From plebian to high degree—
Where love betides
There joy abides—
Who has not felt its mystery?

There is no man so poor and pale
There is no maid so wan and frail
But love may rest
Within their breast
And tenderly their peace assail. (*Exeunt Chorus.*)

KING. (*Addressing Sampson.*) Well, sir, I am ready to be shown the road to wealth.

SAMPSON. Your majesty, the road is very simple; you must declare war!

THE wonderful scenery along the Dalles of the Columbia River, Oregon, can be reached to advantage by the UNION PACIFIC.

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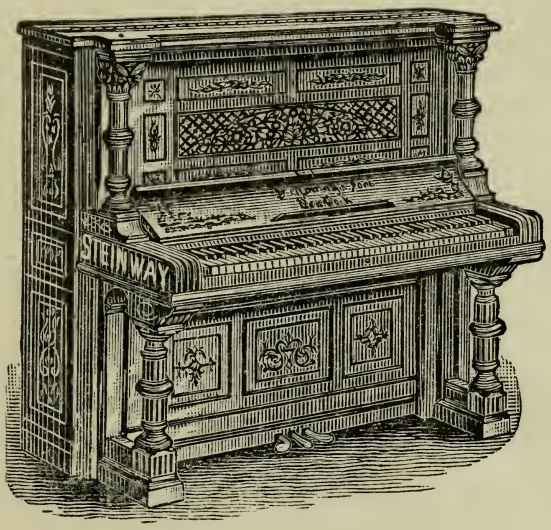

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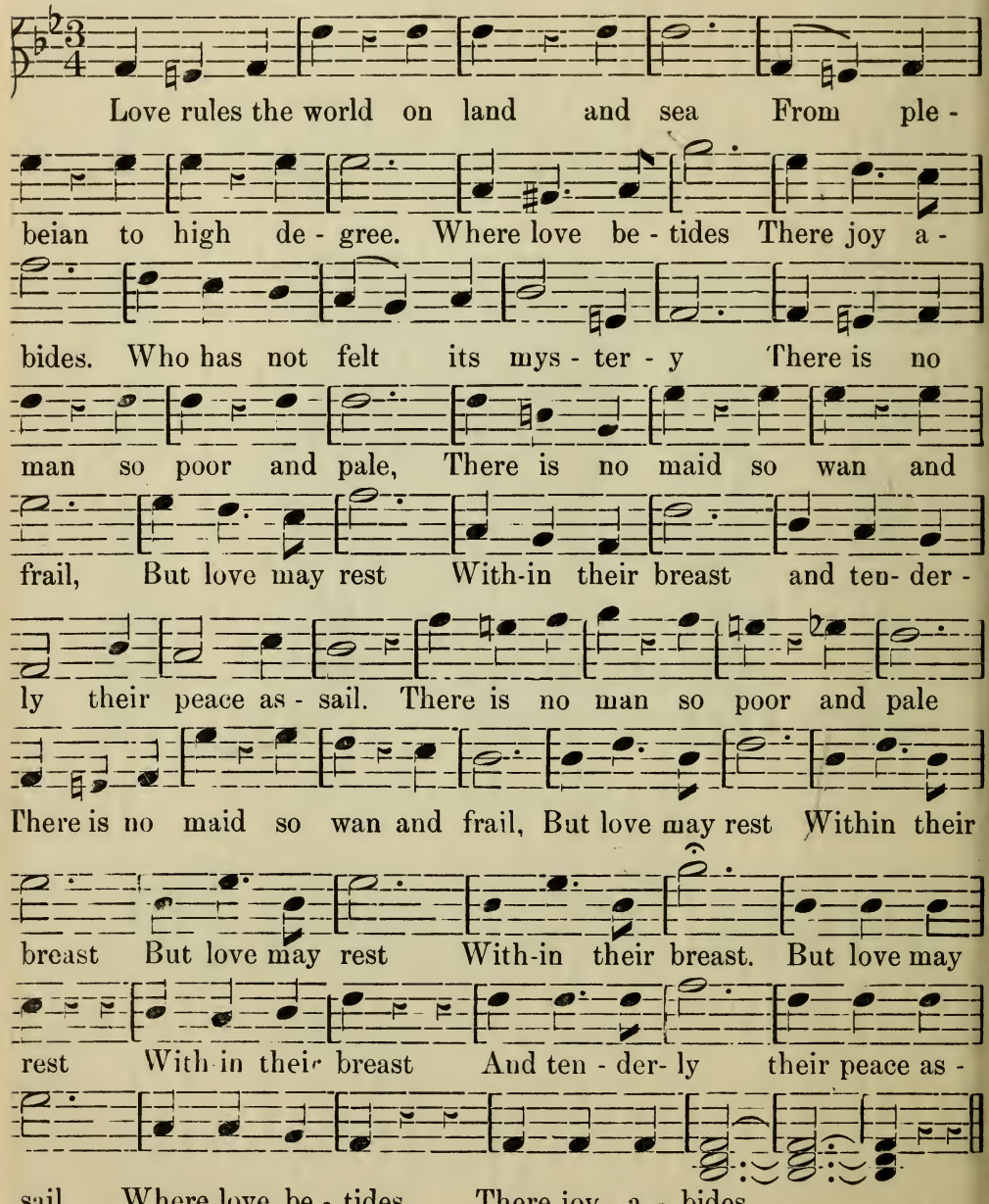
Love rules the world on land and sea From ple -
beian to high de - gree. Where love be - tides There joy a -
bides. Who has not felt its mys - ter - y There is no
man so poor and pale, There is no maid so wan and
frail, But love may rest With-in their breast and ten- der -
ly their peace as - sail. There is no man so poor and pale
There is no maid so wan and frail, But love may rest Within their
breast But love may rest With-in their breast. But love may
rest With in their breast And ten - der- ly their peace as -
sail Where love be - tides There joy a - bides. . .

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KING.
MARGARET. } "Declare WAR!"
SAMPSON.

SAMPSON. Yes, your majesty, you must declare war—at once—and you must declare it hard. Before to-morrow morning you must have every banner waving and every gun manned!

KING. But I have no reason to declare war; everybody except my creditors treats me well enough.

SAMPSON. Well, you have your choice between declaring war and going into your own jail for debt.

KING. If I should declare war, what should I declare it against?

SAMPSON. That doesn't make the slightest difference. Any thing you please. Europe, Asia, Africa, Alaska, No Man's Land, the Argentine Republic, the Sublime Porte—anything or all things,—anybody or everybody. But you must declare war.

KING. Suppose I should declare it in a general way, so as not to offend anybody?

SAMPSON. That would be all right.

KING. You see, all my policemen struck last week and I haven't been able to fill their places with non-union men, and I haven't any army. I had one but it clamored for more pay and I was forced to disband it. Then I have but one cannon and that is so rusty that dynamite wouldn't go off in it. I couldn't fight my best under these circumstances. Alas! my banner might be trailed in the dust.

SAMSON. It isn't at all necessary that any fighting should be done. The simple declaration that the dogs of war are loose will fill the bill; you needn't produce the dogs.

KING. Well, I suppose I might as well declare war as anything!

TERESA. Beware the crafty man
From distant Omaha
Who bids you, noble king,
Unleash the dogs of war!
His motives are not pure,
With guile his heart is filled,
He wants to lead you forth
To battle to be killed.

MARGARET. Oh, list, your majesty,
The voice of wisdom true!
If you his council scorn
The deed you'll surely rue!
He comes from out the west
Like lovely Lochinvar—
He knoweth what is best—
This man from Omaha.

SAMPSON. Your Majesty, I pray
Permit me to observe
That you'll declare this war

If you've a kingly nerve.
Your death you need not fear—
Nor e'en a loss of health—
'Twill be amusement fine,
And bring a pile of wealth.

TERESA. I plead you by my love that cries,
Do not my tender prayer despise!

MARGARET. And by my love I do adjure
That you this fortune do secure.

Your fate and mine hang on the word—
Oh, let the voice of war be heard!

KING.—*SOLO.* I'll declare it, I'll declare it
For I've nothing else to do;
I'll declare it, I'll declare it,
For at least a week or two.

I'll declare for despair it
Drives me wildly day and night—
Whether well or ill I fear it
I'll declare it, you are right.

I'm a regent and I know it
And I'm sick of want and care—
I'm a king if I don't show it
And it's war I will declare.

Let the banners go to flying,
Let the drums begin to beat—
Let the lassies go to crying—
Let us hear the march of feet.

Let the culverin be loaded,—
Drag the cannon from the yard!—
To the fray I have been goaded—
Let no one my will retard!

TERESA. (*Recitative.*) Oh, king, beloved king, listed to my heart's tender call—

I pray thee do not go to war, it is alarming.
How shall I ever learn the agony to bear!
Oh, dearest, let us fly away and go to farming,
I'll follow thee in peace and love thee everywhere.

KING.

Sweet maiden dost thou know what 'tis that thou art saying?
The uncollected bill still snuggles near thy heart.

My prosecuting war's my only hope of paying
Then let me go my way—with courage let us part.

TERESA.
Oh, curses on the day I started out collecting!
Oh, curses on the bill that keeps me from my love!
Oh, should I tear it up, my great despair reflecting,
My business I should lose—my passion I would prove!

KING. Desist, oh dearest maid—
TERESA. Oh, stay I am afraid,
KING. Oh, love I must away—
TERESA. Oh, stay, my hero, stay!
KING. I'll starve if I shall stay.
TERESA. I'll work for you all day—
Oh, leave me not, I pray—
KING. My heart will break, I swear,
But war I must declare!

(*Enter Messenger Boy.*)

SAMPSON. (*Takes message and tears it without looking at it.*) I know what it's about. Wait a minute and I'll send a message from this side that will amount to something.

(*Messenger starts away. King calls him back.*)

KING. Here minion! You are used to running errands. Go out and call the people to me! Declare war to every soul you see. Say that I, their king, have declared war! Go shout it forth and make the welkin ring with war—war—war!
MESSENGER. Is that all, your majesty? Just war? How many blocks will I have to declare it in?
KING. Go! Proclaim it everywhere!
MESSENGER. Everywhere? That will be eighteen florins.
KING. Charge it to the secretary of war. GO!

(*Exit Messenger reluctantly shouting WAR! WAR! WAR!*)

CHORUS OF GIRLS.
What is this dreadful sound
That's being shouted round?
Is cruel war then come
Our loved ones to entomb?
KING. You've heard aright my lovely lasses
Things often come to desp'rate passes.
MARGARET. Bulgarian girls be brave and true!
They go to war to fight for you!
CHORUS. But if they never more return
An awful lesson we will learn.
KING. My hearty fellows gather near.
CHORUS OF MEN.

We gather near, we gather near.
KING. My proclamation to hear.
CHORUS OF MEN.
Oh, here to hear—yes here to hear!
KING. As king I quite have lost my grip:
CHORUS. You've lost your grip, yes, lost your grip:
KING. I've got to make a raise or skip:
CHORUS. A raise or skip, a raise or skip!
KING. I hate to risk your precious life
CHORUS. Our precious life, our precious life.
KING. In thus fomenting warlike strife,
CHORUS. Oh, warlike strife, yes warlike strife.
KING. But 'tis the last and only way
CHORUS. The only way, the only way.
KING. To save me and Bulgaria.
CHORUS. To save you and Bulgaria.

CHORUS. Let trumpets sound, let bugles blow,
The fatal hour has surely come,
'Tis time for hostile troops to bow
When proud Bulgaria sounds the drum!
Then point the cannon toward the fray—
Then loose the colors to the wind,
We don the armor and away
Our glory or our grave to find.

Huzza for king and sunny land!
Huzza for sweethearts, mothers, wives!
With martial music from the band
Our courage lives, our hope revives.
We have no special foes to meet—
Our banner's on the outer wall,
Hurrah! we ne'er shall call retreat,
We'll victory win or bravely fall.

Here's to the monarch and the maid
Who loves him with a loyal heart:
Here's to the bills he will have paid
When in the war we've born our part!
Then point the cannon toward the fray—
Then loose the colors to the wind—
We don the armor and away
Our glory or our grave to find! (*Curtain.*)

ACT III.

SCENE—*Garden in rear of Royal Palace. Visible signs of war, squads of men straggling about. Utensils of battle discovered here and there. Curtain rises on Sampson, King, Prime Minister, Margaret and Teresa.*

(*Enter* PUBLIC EXECUTIONER AND CHORUS OF WARRIORS.)

PUBLIC EXECUTIONER; *SOLO AND CHORUS.*

I hope that I may mention with particular attention
To the duties of my station in the war,
That my fortified position is the total demolition,
Of the foeman I instinctively abhor.

I was born to be a farmer, but the donning of the armor
Has the wildness of the tiger in me raised;
I'm a man of peaceful notions metamorphosed by promotions
To a fierceness which I contemplate amazed.

I have marched a weary distance to secure the armed resistance
Of the foeman in his sanguinary lair;
With the mercury at zero I have tried to be a hero,
But the enemy eludes me everywhere.

You will pardon the digression of a very simple question
From a militant, courageous brigadier;
Is the soldier's duty ended when his bullets are expended
In the empty, inoffensive atmosphere?

KING. Courage, brave General! Your valor is as well known as though you were dead upon the field of battle. Can you not resist the demon of bloodthirstiness which this war has aroused in you?

PUBLIC EXECUTIONER. Your majesty, I can try. To obey is a soldier's duty, but to a man of my awakened rage it is very hard. There are times when I feel as though I must shoot somebody or die of personal mortification. Still I will resist to the bitter end.

(*Exit followed by soldiers.*)

KING. (*Addressing Prime Minister.*) What have you there?

PRIME MINISTER. A diagram of battle, your majesty. There are our troops formed into a hollow square. Here is a bivouac. Here is a reveille. Here is a coigne of vantage. Here is an ordinance.

KING. Ah, my friend you are assisting me to manage this war with marked ability.

PRIME MINISTER. You flatter me, your majesty.

KING. What are our losses?

PRIME MINISTER. We have lost one man, your majesty.

KING. Ah, so bad as that?

PRIME MINISTER. Yes, sire, his gun went off accidentally. He was not aware that it was loaded.

KING. And how about the enemy?

PRIME MINISTER. The enemy is in ambush. We have not yet discovered him.

KING. May it not be that the enemy remains in ignorance of our declaration of war?

PRIME MINISTER. It is quite possible, sire.

KING. Will you take official measures to conceal it from him so far as possible?

PRIME MINISTER. Certainly, your majesty. I will act with all possible prudence.

KING. I have been thinking that to render this war all that it should be, I ought to take the field in person. How does it appear to you?

PRIME MINISTER. Well—really—it might possess a certain significance. I had not thought—

TERESA. Oh, rash, unfeeling king
Why mention such a thing?
You know 'twould break my heart
From you that way to part.

KING. But duty, fair one calls;
Alas, I may not tarry,
Because the task appals—
And you I cannot marry.

(*All save Teresa sing.*)

When love and duty clash together,
Duty reigns and sweet love falls,
It matters not the kind of weather—
Love must wait when duty calls.

TERESA. (*Recitative.*) Alas, once I believed in duty, but love has changed me—

Oh, king, when first I came to thee
My brain was strong, my heart was free—
I had no pleasures but the thrills
That came from fully settled bills.

An artless business maiden I
With never thought nor time to cry—
My only joy in serving those
In whose esteem I did repose—

The only hope that governed me
To earn my honest salaree;
But now how changed my hopes and fears!
With business all forgotten, I

Would count it joy with you to die—
My heart is tenderness and tears.

I cannot bear to see you go,
I could not live and leave you so—
A sacrifice I swear to make
And count it gain for Wilhelm's sake.

(*She takes bill from her pocket and attempts to tear it.*)

KING. Rash maiden what—what would you do?
TERESA. The only thing that stands between
Your heart and mine I would destroy,
KING. You surely, surely do not mean
To injure those in whose employ
You earn your bread! Oh, dearest love
Some other way your passion prove.

ALL. Embezzlement, oh, maiden rash
'Twould be—a sacrifice of cash.
The rules of all commercial trade
You would destroy—you would degrade.

TERESA. What love is love that will not make
Some sacrifice for sweet love's sake?
So Wilhelm lives and we are one
I count all business nobly done.

(*She struggles to destroy the bill but the King and others gather round her and prevent it.*)

KING. Dear maiden, dearer still because
This desperate step you seek to take,
You must not here transgress the laws—
You must not business customs break.
Your love, dear maid, I cannot doubt,
I can believe it well without
This jeopardy of honor's claim—
This loss of business trust and fame.
I swear I do not half deserve
This desperate display of nerve.

TERESA. Oh, nothing shall deter me now—

SAMPSON. (*Who has been standing aside and has received a message from the messenger boy and answered it, comes forward and sings in recitative.*) King, prime ministers, princesses, public executioners, warriors, ladies and gentlemen, permit me to inform you that this sentimental altercation has gone far enough. There is no further necessity for it because this war has done its glorious work. Teresa need not

destroy her bill for within a few moments it shall be paid in full by his majesty. Let us have peace! I have just received and sent these messages:

"SAMPSON: Wheat immediately began rising on reports of Bulgarian war. Barriger, trying to lead bears, fell first and this was followed by many other failures. We have complete control. Hurrah for Bulgaria! We send you to-day by telegraph $5,000,000 from the proceeds, for spending money. Enjoy yourself. "SAMPSON & CO."

"SAMPSON & CO., Omaha; Peace will be declared immediately. Sell short every bushel of grain possible. We will hit the market both ways. Build a railroad Northwest and charge it to me. Give Hitchcock money to build a hotel. Put up a city hall wherever anybody wants one. Give a banquet at the club to those who are plucked in the late deal. Buy me an acre on Farnam street and start a million dollar residence for me. I am to be married to-morrow to a princess. The world is mine. SAMPSON."

KING. (*Recitative.*) What sir is the explanation of these messages?
SAMPSON. (*Recitative.*) Listen and you shall hear.

SOLO—SAMPSON.

In the land beyond the sounding sea,
In their board of trade affairs,
They're ever accustomed to divide
Into forces of bulls and bears—
And in all the American business pits
Each day they push and pull—
But the bear is never a real bear,
And the bull is never a bull.

You see that whenever the ruling price
Of the grain or stock is down,
Then the burdensome bear is filled with glee
And with radiance paints the town—
When prices regain and rally high,
Then the bull doth swell with joy—
And rend the air with his jocund cry
And his dollars with Mumm employ.

What the bellowing, bounding bovine buys
Is something he never gets—
What the growling, garrulous bruin sells
Was never in his assets.
To dispose of the stuff that you do not have
And to buy what you can't receive—
That is the custom that rules the pit
In the country I chose to leave.

KING. I see it all.

PRIME MINISTER. Oh, yes, it is very plain. I have been thinking for some time that might be the explanation!

MARGARET. Wonderful! I am so proud of you!

SAMPSON. Thank you, dear girl. To have won this hand is more than all else to me.

TERESA. Oh, my love, the war is over and you, Wilhelm, are safe at last!

KING. It pleases me to see you happy, but I really didn't mind the danger.

SAMPSON. (*Turning to messenger boy and giving him the telegram.*) Here, my boy!

KING. (*Addressing Sampson.*) Would it not be well for us to declare peace officially?

SAMPSON. You are right. Let the messenger boy declare peace and inform your creditors that their bills will be settled immediately. Here is an order on the telegraph office for five millions of dollars. Secure the entire district messenger service, take the telegraph office's check to the bank, procure the money and transport it hither at once.

MESSENGER. Will you please sign the ticket?

(*King signs the ticket and messenger boy exits crying, "Peace in Bulgaria, war is over, peace, peace."*)

TRIO, MARGARET, TERESA AND HELENA.

The clouds of war have rolled away—
The sun of peace is shining —
There's joy in gentle hearts to-day
Beyond the tongue's defining.

Our king is safe; the brave, true knight
Has nobly done his duty—
His prize shall be the sweet delight
That valor finds in beauty.

Oh love is strong that, sorely tried
By conflict and by sorrow,
Sees in the hope to-day denied
The promise of to-morrow.

The dove that bears the olive sign
Has freed his fettered pinion—
In swiftest flight, with news divine,
He blesses the dominion.

(*Enter Chorus.*)

SOLO, CHORUS AND KING.

It affords me special pleasure
To inform you that the measure
To secure a fund of treasure

Has been crowned, I now expect,
With success so gratifying
That there'll be no more denying
Of the bills you have been trying
With persistence to collect.

We will signalize this meeting
By the process of receipting—
Barring all recourse to cheating—
The accounts that you have held;
To avoid all future sorrow
I've concluded from to-morrow
That I'll neither lend nor borrow—
Unless otherwise impelled.

For your courtesy I'm thankful;
You'll excuse my feelings prankful
At the thought that I've a bankful
And a credit without a flaw;
Should your creditors be pressing—
Your affairs appear distressing
You may prosper by addressing
Mr. Sampson, OMAHA.

(*The messenger boy arrives with bags of money. Teresa approaches King with bill, he takes it from her, hurriedly counts the amount, destroys the bill, stretches his arms toward her, she falls into them and chorus sings.*)

Our king, our king, our noble king,
His fortune's rehabitulated—
His debts are paid, his country's safe,
His royalty is re-instated.

Sing to his bride
Close by his side,
Long may we live their joy to see—
Their subjects all
Answer their call,
Here at their feet we bend the knee.

KING. (*Recitative.*) And now to confer the prize of the tournament upon the victorious knight! (*The King and Prime Minister take Margaret's hand and lead her to Sampson.*)

KING. As your debtor through her father,
PRIME MINISTER. I'm her father—as her father—
KING. I confer herewith upon you
PRIME MINISTER. Through her father—I'm her father—
KING. Fairest prize of any tourney,
PRIME MINISTER. Fairest prize—I am her father—
KING. Keep all luxuries around her,
PRIME MINISTER. And her father—I'm her father—

KING. Love her truly for her sweetness,
PRIME MINISTER AND CHORUS. Her resemblance to her father.

KING. She is yours oh, knight, forever,
Won in contest noble hearted—
May no trouble come to sever,
May you nevermore be parted.

SAMPSON AND CHORUS.

As the stars are true to the sky,
As the needle is true to the pole—
So I will be true to the girl I love
With the strength of my heart and soul.

MARGARET. When maiden loves a man
She says good bye—good bye—
Since time when time began,
When maiden loved a man
She said good bye—good bye.

SAMPSON. To everything save him
She says good bye—good bye.
Although her eyes be dim,
She turns to follow him
Saying good bye, good bye.
To home the maiden says
Good bye, good bye;
For him her future days—
Her hand in his she lays—
Good bye, good bye.

CHORUS AND MARGARET.

So runs the world away—
Good bye--good bye;
We meet—and then we say
"Good bye, good bye;"
May love to love most true
Through life watch over you,
Good bye, good bye.

THE END.

THE beginning of the end of "Mr. Sampson of Omaha," really begins with the words, "good by" on last line, and whilst all Salt Lake people are witnessing the production of the above Opera, "Mr. Pembroke, of Salt Lake," wishes to inform his many friends that he is in New York, just now purchasing an endless line of novelties and useful articles for the coming holidays, and that he is so sure of the growth and permanent prosperity of Salt Lake that he is purchasing larger supplies than nsual. This fall will also see steam power and a large cylinder press added to his Job Printing Office plant. Ladies and gentlemen who wish engraved and embossed stationery should call at Mr. Pembroke's store, 72 Main Street, and see samples and get prices of such work.

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